

THE CADIZ DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

VOLUME 21, NO. 19.

CADIZ, OHIO, WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1854.

TERMS, \$2.00

Democratic Sentinel.



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The Duty of a Democrat.

The Zanesville Aurora says: Since the Whig party has, in a measure disbanded, and given up all reasonable hope of again uniting as a national party, we have heard the question asked if it was necessary for the great Democratic party to preserve its discipline and organization. This question can only be put by some unthinking Democrat, or person who did not reflect that the great strength of the Democratic party lay in organization, or that without organization its principles would be of no avail.

Never was there a time since the election of Thomas Jefferson as President of the U. States, when organization and discipline was more necessary in the Democratic party. The reasons are obvious. Never since the election of Jefferson has our principles been more violently assailed, or when the contending factions which oppose us appeared more reckless in their efforts, or lost to all thought for the consequences which would likely follow upon the success of their fanatic and sectional triumphs.

Look around you Democrat and calmly and dispassionately view the political horizon. In the free States the Whig party has abandoned its former professions and organization, and its forces are now filling the ranks of sectional and bigoted factions, whose designs are pernicious, and whose aims if accomplished would not only dissolve this glorious Union north and south, but tread and drive us now free and happy people into confusion, strife and civil war.

Abolitionists, open and proclaimed, war against the institutions of the South, and the great principles of self-government, are now the chief idols of corrupt hordes of office seekers in the North, and nothing short of the thorough organization and sleepless vigilance of the great Democratic party, North, South, East and West, can arrest their sectional and incendiary progress.

These with these sectional fusion hordes, justifies the means, and it is the duty of every good Democrat and friend of his country to arrest their evil works, which can only be done by discipline, and concert of action among the hosts of the great Democratic family.

In some localities, even secret political societies are being formed for the purpose of prescribing and persecuting some of our citizens in consequence of their religious belief and place of birth, which can only be exposed and checked in their works of evil by the organization of the great Democratic party.

Democrats, your duty is plain to understand, it being to sustain and protect your fellow man in the enjoyment of political and religious freedom and equality, the cherished bulwarks of freedom it should be a pleasing and agreeable one to perform.

It is then the duty of every Democrat, to strive to keep up the organization of his party. The enforcement of our principles, which alone can save our glorious Union from the despoiling hands of the sectional and bigoted fanatics who would dissolve it, requires the work of every Democrat.

Six Children at One Birth!

WONDERFUL, IF TRUE.—A German woman in a one-hour voyage passed through this city on Tuesday, going from her residence a few miles west of town on a visit to her husband, who had taken sick at a place where he was working in the country east of town. She had with her in the wagon, snugly propped up in a wine-basket, six children, all the product of one birth. They were not much larger than apple dumplings, but seemed to be wide awake and kicking. They were six months old, all boys, and all as near of a size as possible, except the runt of the party, which is described as being the smallest mortal of its age ever seen.

We state this case with serious misgivings of its truth, relating it as it is to us as a second hand from an eye-witness, a lady of character in this city, who saw and counted the children, and heard the mother's word that they were all hers at a single birth. "Triplets" happened in some countries as often as once in every 4,600 births; in this country not so often. There are many well attested cases of five children at a birth; but so far as our research extends, there is only one case recorded of six at a birth, and about that case there is much doubt. It happened in the year 1590. The mother who was the wife of Lord Malmesbury, died after delivery, and but one of the children lived, succeeding to his father's title and estates. The account given is very circumstantial, and it is not doubted that it is true. Modern medical writers say, however, that though an honest man, and a good surgeon for his time, he was a very credulous philosopher.

The St. Louis News says that the potato crop in that region is a total failure. The expectations indulged of getting supplies from thence must, therefore be abandoned.

Arrival of the Pacific.

New York, August 3.—The Pacific arrived to-day with dates to the 23d ult. LATEST.—London, Wednesday morning. Sixty thousand Russian troops are concentrating on the right bank of the Pruth, under General Loris, to cover the Russian fleet on the Danube.

A defeat of the Turks near Kars is reported. The Times' Vienna correspondent gives frightful accounts of the cholera. Estimated that from 10 to 15,000 died, and were disabled by it up to the moment of embarkation.

Vienna, 22d.—Henry Witherstein & Son, have failed. Liabilities, 3,000,000 florins. Archangel was effectively blockaded on the 13th.

Morphy & Company, London, General Commission merchants, have failed. Large liabilities.

In London money is more active in consequence of the payment of the £300,000 sterling instalment on the Turkish loan.

The Africa arrived out on Sunday morning.

The capture of Bamarand commenced on the 12th and continued till the afternoon of the 15th.

The garrison numbered 2,000. The allies landed with little loss of life on either side; the French losing 120 and the British only 3 or 4.

Two round forts behind Bamarand named Forts Tyre and Notich, had been previously reduced, which was no difficult task, as they were garrisoned by 120 men in each. A handful of artillery men in Tyre made a stout defence, 50 being killed and only 35 taken unhurt.

Notich was carried without loss.

Both forts were blown up, and the main assault was made on Bamarand walls, which were badly damaged before the Garrison consented to surrender. The honor of the victory belongs to W. Hilly of the French army.

Private accounts from Dantzic state that the number of prisoners does not exceed 1,000, and they were sent to Luidsun.

Fifteen sail line within range of the fortress allies found 100 pieces of cannon.

Admiral Napier issued a notice warning all neutral vessels to leave Port Riga before the 10th of August.

It is surmised that Riga will be the next point of attack.

Gen. Burgaz D. Hilliers had a narrow escape from a cannon ball which passed between a him and his Aid-de-camp, with whom he was conversing.

The Austrians entered Wallachia on the 8th.

Berlin 8th.—A severe official article of Prussian correspondence, says the evacuation of the Principality by the Russians, does not fulfill all objects of the alliance of the two great German Powers, but that it is more than was demanded by note.

Cholera is considered to have abated at Garna, Shumla, and Constantinople. It has been fearfully destructive among the French troops.

A collision occurred on the South Eastern and Brighton Railway, (in England) by which 3 persons were killed and 100 badly injured.

An Omen given by the Editors of Madrid all the Ministry was present. Espartaco proposed as a host "Liberty" to which O'Donnell hastily added, "The Constitution and Queen."

Mr. Soule was invited but sent an apology.

Several new papers have sprung up in Madrid.

Barcelona again quiet. About 100 cases of cholera reported daily, but the disease has assumed a milder form.

In Saxony the new King has taken the oath to support the Constitution, and has declared his Government to be merely a continuation of that of the deceased King.

The Russian official returns show the exports of Tallow to Mexico and other shipping ports to be nearly equal to those of 1852. The demand for speculation has ceased, and all qualities have slightly declined, but holders are not pressing on the market; prices are irregular.

Mr. Henry's circular makes a decline of 1-6 and Highland 1-4. Breadstuffs are in fair demand; quiet moderate, yet inanimate. Wheat has declined 3-4d, and Flour 6-10d.

Market's circular reports Western Corn at 31s 4d 1/2, Straight 31s 3d 1/2; Good Ohio 32s 6d 1/2; Richardson's circular rates 6d under the above figures. White wheat 10s 10d 1/2, red mixed 9s 6d 1/2.

Corn.—In corn there is active speculative demand. Yellow 35s 5d 1/2, white 35s 6d 1/2.

The spread of the Potato disease causes a speculative demand for corn. Government has advertised for immense quantities of beef and pork.

State Fair Postponed.

The Premium List, Circulars and posters of the Fifth Annual State Fair, under the direction of the Board of Agriculture, have been very generally circulated, announcing the Fair to commence on the 19th of September. Very extensive and satisfactory arrangements have been made for the convenience of visitors, and the grounds and everything else in such a state of forwardness as would have ensured their completion in time. But, owing to the sudden outbreak of sickness at Newark, which may not be over by the 19th of September, the Executive Committee, under the circumstances, deem it advisable to postpone the Fair.

The Public will please take notice that the Fair is accordingly postponed, to commence on Tuesday, the 17th of October. The only change will be as to time. The arrangements for the accommodation of visitors, and all the rules and regulations for conducting the Fair, as already published in our circulars and handbills, will remain unaltered. The interval will be differently improved, and the committee feel confident that they will be able to give additional interest to the great exposition of the industry of the State on the 17th of October.

A Request from an Intelligent Whig.

We are requested by "A Whig" opposed to the organization of the Northern Party, to insert the following extract from the August number of Harper's Magazine: "Union saving" has for some time past been a by-word and a reproach. By a certain class of editors and political harangues; it has been employed as a base reflection upon some of our noblest efforts for the perpetuation of our national strength and national glory. It was a taunt which barely spared the memory of Clay, and which haunted the patriot Webster to his grave. Their fears for the dissolution of the American Union were charged with hypocritical cant; their efforts for the aversion of such a calamity were characterized as the acts of unpatriotic alarmists. But there can be no mistake about the matter now. That our national union, and long with it our proud national existence, is in the most imminent peril, the blindest must see, the most stupid must acknowledge. (The people of this country must not simply from turbulent Congressional debates, or inflammatory resolutions, or lawless rioting, but the most alarming evidence is in the tone of the press. Can any one be blind to that attitude of fierce defiance which is now assuming a form so sectionally distinct? Can we sit at our ease to the furious invectives, the stinging reproaches of meanness and treachery on the one side, and of cowardice and fanaticism on the other—the vindictive taunts expressly designed to arouse the bitterest sectional animosities, and impart to them a virulence which no recollections of a common ancestry, of a common glorious history, can ever heal.

"The lover of peace, of the Union, of compromise, will still use the term, although it has fallen into disrepute—might see nothing formidable in it, if regarded in itself or in its intrinsic weight of argument. Its dread significance lies in the fact that it is the sign of a people already divided, and whose hostile passions are beginning to hate each other with an intensity that no more outward political connection can repress. The South is saying things of the North which no men at the North, whatever be their party ties, will bear. The North is hurling back upon the South vindictive taunts, which cannot be forgiven, because they imply charges of what is even worse than corruption of blood, or any form of political dishonesty. He who does not see this is blind indeed. We are already divided. The evidence is as direct as that England and Russia are now at war. In fact, we may well doubt whether there really exists between the hostile fleets on the Baltic, as sore a feeling of personal and sectional rancor as the press is now spreading between the Northern and Southern portions of these United States.

"Who is to blame for this most lamentable state of things? It may not be conducive to the great pacification for which every patriot should so earnestly strive, to examine too scrupulously the exact balance of crimes and punishments. Let common sense, let a knowledge of history, above all the world's annals have we ever read of a case like this of national strife in which one side was free from blame, while the whole, or even the great preponderance of guilt was on the other? We know that this is a very old and tried solution, but the truth is, by no means of the least value. Sometimes, too, it requires more independence of thought to state them, than is needed for those assumed occult causalities on account of which they are often neglected and cast out of sight.

We cheerfully comply with the request. We are proud to do so, inasmuch as the gentleman bears the name of one of the first Whigs in Ohio—commanding for his talents and conspicuous for his learning. There is a deep seated hostility among the better part of the Whigs to this 'Northern party,' which the Fusion has engendered.—Statesman.

The Case Fairly Stated.

In answer to a trade of abuse heaped upon the "Lancet" Legislature, by the Cleveland Herald, for its alleged crime of having driven bank capital out of Ohio, by reckless legislation, by which it tries to account for the circulation of so much Indiana paper among us, the Cleveland Plain Dealer comes down upon the arguments and conclusions of its antagonist, and knocks the props upon which he was building, from under him, in this wise:

All wrong as usual, Mr. Herald. Alfred Kelley is the father of our present Banking system, and it will be recollected that in Kelley's law a certain amount of Bank capital was allowed to each district in the State, and no more. This capital was greedily taken up, mostly by the State Bank and Branches. It then became a monopoly, as it now is, and these Banks have been dividing from fifteen to thirty per cent, with their stock so high up that a man of ordinary means could not reach them. Of course additional capital had to seek investment in other States by this monopoly system of Whig legislation, and the currency of other States necessarily had to be brought in to make up the deficiency which this limitation in Ohio Bank created.

Under that Whig law no encouragement was given to what was called the Independent or State Stocks. Every dollar of their circulation cost them a dollar deposited in State Stocks, while the State Bank and Branches were allowed to issue their bills with but little cash and no stock for security. Of course the Independent Banks cannot compete with the monopoly Banks, the former seldom dividing more than ten per cent, the latter as high as ten to fifteen per cent. So this Bank drove about Indiana money is the legitimate result of Whig legislation, as any one can see who is not owned body and breeches by said Banks.

There is no peace to the victors. There will be periodical blows about these swindling, anti-tax paying, no-security monopoly State Banks until they are blown out of existence, or brought on to a level in point of privilege and security with the Independent Banks. The Herald and all such caudal extremists to these institutions may rest assured of that.

—H. George Bliss, H. H. Johnson and W. H. Nichols of this State, have been nominated for Congress in their respective Districts.

The Fusion Movement—How it Works.

The Fusion Convention which met in Columbus on the 13th of July, adopted resolutions endorsing and endorsing the course of those members of Congress from this State who opposed the passage of the Nebraska Bill. This was all right enough. But if the Fusionists were honest in that ideal, and candid in their desire to have those members sustained by the people, as they so eagerly professed, why do they not unite with the Democracy in sending back those Democratic members who were true to the interests of freedom, and who are candidates for the re-election? Why do they thus "hold the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope?"

As an evidence of the inconsistency and utter faithlessness of these Fusionists, it is only necessary to say that they are nominating candidates in opposition to those Democratic members who fought the Nebraska Measure from first to last, misrepresenting the course of the latter, and heaping upon their heads the most unflattering abuse. According to the resolutions of the Columbus Convention, there is but one issue before the people at the approaching election, and that is the Nebraska issue. If this is so, why nominate candidates in opposition to those Democrats who have shown, by their votes in Congress, that they occupy a position relative to that issue worthy of your indorsement and approval?

We regard this Fusion movement as nothing but a cunningly devised scheme on the part of Whig politicians to bamboozle the people, and succeed to "wealth and power." Principles has nothing to do with it—a longing for the flesh-pots is the great controlling element. Whig professors of opposition to slavery are not to be relied upon. Who elected Gen. Taylor, the owner of two hundred and eighty "groovy heads," and the greatest slaveholder ever elected to the Presidency? The slavery-hating Whig party, who elected Millard Fillmore, the first President that employed the army and navy to uphold and sustain slavery? The anti-slavery Whig party. The platform adopted by the National Convention, that nominated Gen. Scott, in 1852, was the most pro-slavery and sectional platform ever promulgated by any party in the United States.

Hence we regard these anti-slavery professions of the Whigs as hypocritical, and only indulged in for the purpose of obtaining office. This Fusion movement is a part of the game, and it remains to see whether the people of Ohio can be deceived into the support of a scheme which has for its object the resurrection and elevation to power of the Whig party, to be followed by that long train of abuses under which the taxpayers of this State vainly groaned for so many years.—Napoleon North-West.

CON. CHOR.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says:

"The advances from the corn crop throughout the west and south are coming in more favorable. In the western portion of Ohio, including the Miami and Scioto bottoms, and all the northwestern part of the State, the corn promises well and will yield a full average crop. In the northern portion of Indiana and Illinois, the crop is also good, and the same remarks will apply to Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, and the northern part of Missouri. From the southern States, the advances are very encouraging, so that taking the whole west together, there is no cause for alarm, nor is there much safety in speculations based upon a failure of the corn crop. We hear of no plague, however, where the potato crop is good, or even falling. The above information we have from experienced men, who have it from personal observation. We conveyed yesterday with a gentleman from Minnesota, and he says the crops in that State never looked better any year since he has lived there. In the northwestern portion of Ohio and western Pennsylvania, there is no doubt that the drought has proved disastrous to corn and potatoes, and in these sections there will doubtless be a scarcity."

THE MOONSHINE DRINK.—A New Yorker who went out to Kansas and located for himself a farm, after traveling all over the Territory, and obtaining a thorough knowledge of the climate, soil, and people, writes back to the New York Journal of Commerce the following: It dispels the fog and moonshine of a glibly number of slavery clatterers. "At this moment," says the writer, "there are eight or ten thousand white persons in the Territory of Kansas, of whom at least three thousand have crossed from down between St. Joseph and Weppert." And out of this eight or ten thousand he has "never seen one person who is in favor of slavery, who is now residing in Kansas and Nebraska." At the very next session of Congress, he says, Kansas will be knocking at their door for admission as a sovereign State. That she will be a free State is as certain as anything future.

—G. E. S.

REGRESS.—To become excited to a little office, he at all times ready to act as a tool for his own.

To become respectable—say "yes," to every other man's opinions and have none of your own.

To become slandered—edit a paper, tell the truth, and stand on the side of rogues and scoundrels.

Emigration to Liberia promises to be unusually large this fall. An expedition will sail from New York about the first of November. It would have been announced for a much earlier period, but that the Society was desirous of accomplishing a company of emigrants from Pennsylvania, who cannot leave before the close of October.

The official acts of Capt. Holmes, of the Crane, at the bombardment of Greystown, we have good authority for saying, have very properly received the approval of Government, who will shield him from all ridiculous attacks, such as the just brought against him at New York.—Star.

THE CON. CHOR.—We are sorry to learn that the corn crop in this section, which looked so promising six weeks ago, will be a unusually short one. Some fields look well, but a closer inspection shows diminished ears. The weather is the cause.—Star.

SONG.

Give me an eye, a swimming eye,
To meet my ardent glances,
A sunny eye to gaze upon
When pleasure is in dances.
Give me an eye to mingle beams
When mirth and joy have bound me,
Give me an eye to single tears
When sorrow's clouds surround me.

Give me a cheek, a soft, soft cheek,
Warm roses blushing o'er it,
So light, so pure, so angel-like,
To sweeten smiles to adore it.
Give me a cheek to press to mine
With that calm, holy feeling,
That tells the soul as music swells,
When joy the senses stealing.

Give me a lip, a balmy lip,
Sweet smiles around it wreathing,
A dewy lip, carnation-like,
Of love and fondness breathing.
Give me a lip to kiss when calm
Of love or none care when calm,
A full red lip to dream upon,
A wreath-like to bless me.

Give me a hand, a snow white hand,
To tremble when I press it—
A fairy hand to hold in mine,
A little hand to bless it.

Give me a hand to kiss and breathe
O'er my soul's desire,
A hand to hold and press mine too,
With deep, unfeigned emotion.

Give me a heart, a gentle heart
With warm affections beating,
A heart to flutter with delight
When I whisper in meeting.

Give me a heart to call my own,
To cheer my heart when dreary—
A pure, a guileless, constant heart,
To lean upon when weary.

Song—In Earth's Lonely Desert.

SWISS AIR—Rosa de Vaches.
BY MISS CRAWFORD.

In earth's lonely desert,
In regions of hope,
To mortals and angels,
There's nothing like love.

It brightens the landscape,
Wherever we go,
And beams like a star
On our pathway of woe.

When the myrtles of love
Breathe their odors around,
The music of hope
Gives to silence a sound.

Oh dear is the spot,
Where our glances first met,
There sorrow will linger,
Though joy may forget.

All melody breathing,
All melody and bloom,
Love sings to our ears,
And guards our tomb.

Far away, far away,
Where bright planets roam,
Of there is love's home,
In the land of the soul.

A LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

CHAPTER I.

"I can no longer struggle against the current of misfortune," exclaimed Mr. Whiting, a small, nervous, who had by the pressure of hard times become somewhat involved, "I am ruined."

Nay, my husband, do not be distressed. Worse calamities than this might happen, and we will make the best of it."

"But wife, I must fail; I cannot sustain myself another day."

"You have done all you can do to avert the misfortune, and if it must come, let us not repine, but bear it like Christians."

"I will try hard to keep calm; but it seems hard after weathering the worst of the storm, to be wrecked in sight of land."

"Perhaps your creditors will give you more time," suggested Mrs. Whiting.

"I cannot hope it, the note which comes due to-morrow, and which I am utterly unable to pay, is in the hands of my bitterest enemy."

"He will not distress you."

"I know him well. He is a villain."

"Who do you mean?"

"Baker."

"God help us if he is your creditor."

"As near as I can learn, he bought the note on purpose to perplex me and perhaps to obtain his revenge."

"Why is he so bitter against you?"

"Because I exposed a swindling operation in which he was engaged."

Mr. Whiting and his wife retired at an early hour in the evening, leaving the lovers to have it out.

As usual John Barnett begged her to make him happy by promising to be his forever. To his utter surprise and consternation, she could never be his wife, and entreated of him to think no more about her. Of course, the lover pressed her for an explanation of this sudden and remarkable change in her manner towards him. But she could not even do this, and John took his leave feeling that he had not another friend in the world.

CHAPTER II.

Sarah Whiting had another suitor in the person of a wealthy and eccentric old bachelor, who, after withholding the assaults of thousands of bright eyes and bewitching smiles, had laid his heart at the feet of the beautiful heroine. We don't blame the old fellow for falling in love with her, any more than we blame Sarah for laughing at him when he threw himself at her feet and "popped the question."

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was only about forty, so that if Sarah had been less cruel it would not exactly have been May and December, but about June and November. He loved her with all the fervor which the march of time had left in his heart, and was actually disconsolate when she told him "no."

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was not an ill-looking man, though he was an old bachelor. True, his hair was not so black and glossy as it had been twenty years before; there was an occasional iron gray hair, which looked a little suspicious, yet when he began to make his heart to the divinity of his dreams, even these disappeared, and the people were malicious enough to say it was through the influence of a certain compound applied by the barber. True, also, there was now and then a wrinkle in his face, which some young ladies affect to dislike. But what of all these things? Old age is honorable, and the iron-gray hair and wrinkles did not in the least mar the kindly impression of his phiz.

He was a very clever fellow, and thought the merry little Sarah Whiting could not help laughing when he popped the question to her, she would very willingly have had just such an article, or something of that sort. In short, she liked him, but did not love him.

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was a firm believer in the ancient verity, that "faint heart never won fair lady," and he determined not to faint or give up the chase, till he had bagged the game, or he had seen her wife of another. Consequently he held out all the inducements in his power to engage her heart in his favor.

He was not what young ladies call an old fool, for he had sense enough to feel that he never could gain the victory on the strength of his physical attributes—his personal beauty.

But he was an amiable man at heart, and trusted solely to the influence of his moral and mental qualities for success. They had thus far failed him, though he still persevered.

Mr. Whiting, readily understanding what these attentions meant, did all in his power to favor his suit; for he was an old-fashioned man and placed more confidence in the power of a good heart and plenty of money, to make his daughter happy, than he did in the more common attributes of youth and good looks. Consequently he possessed of the first named commodity has passed the meridian of life.

But Sarah had a mind of her own in these matters, and though she appreciated her kind father's motive, she could not think of throwing herself away on a man of forty if he was an angel.

It was only the afternoon of the day preceding the conversation we have recorded, that Mr. Somerset had paid her a visit, and renewed his protestations of love to her. She had told him for the twentieth time, "no."

When she heard her father relate the particulars of his embarrassment, the image of Mr. Somerset had involuntarily presented to her mind. He was abundantly able to assist in this emergency, and for the love he bore her perhaps he would.

But then if she applied to him, and he afforded the necessary aid, she would be under obligations to him, which she might find it very inconvenient to discharge.

Sam stared her father in the face. He had said it was ruin, and she was sure it was.

"What right had she to be selfish and overnice, when she had it in her power to avert the dreadful calamity. Her father was all in all to her, and though some girls are so sentimental as to sacrifice father, mother, home and friends for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for her father alone, to say nothing of her mother, who was worth at least two dozen more."

Let not the reader suppose the pretty Sarah did not love him upon whom she smiled—she did; but her bump of veneration was bigger than that other bump on the back of the head.

Her resolution was formed, and about eleven o'clock the next day, she put on her bonnet and walked up to the Revue House, where Mr. Somerset boarded.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was a nabob, and retained a private parlor to which the obsequious servant conducted Sarah Whiting. Of course the bachelor was reasonably astonished at the visit.

"Indeed, Miss Whiting, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed he with rapturous enthusiasm.

"What girl do you recede from your offer?" said Sarah, laughing with all her might—a very convenient cloak for young ladies sometimes.

"No joke, sir, I am in earnest."

"Sarah looked as sober as the matron of the Orphan Asylum."

"Nay, nay, my pretty Sarah, do not make sport of me."

"I will give you my promise in writing with my signature, if you desire it."

"Is it possible that you mean so?" said the doubtful Mr. Somerset.

"Take my hand."

The bachelor took it, pressed it to his lips, and began to think himself the happiest man in the world.

"I am yours, Mr. Somerset."

"Bless you, Sarah."

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"Sarah recounted the story of her father's embarrassment."

"I'll make out a check for three thousand dollars, and I'll promise to become your wife within one year."

Mr. Ladyke Somerset mused. He appeared to be in doubt. He was a very high souled man, and the idea of buying the hand of his wife, was to the last degree, repugnant to him.

"You hesitate, sir, I know you do not love me," said Sarah with apparent pique.

"On my soul, I do! I agree; here is the check," replied Mr. Somerset as he seated himself at the table and drew the check.

"Now inclose it in a note to my father, saying you heard of his trouble from a mutual friend, and then beg the privilege of loaning him the amount of the check."

"And you sacrifice yourself to your father, my fair Sarah," said the bachelor, as he sealed the letter.

"I do."

"You are an angel!"

"Nay, I must go now."